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decorative motive is possible because in mastering natural objects to express ideas in art it has obtained "that power of fine choice, that coherence and concentration, and that resolute hold on the idea of organic beauty, which manifest the character of an art arrived at complete development."

Reaching for such a perfect expression of their own ideal of beauty all artists simplify their work with mastery and record only the salient features of a scene. But when, in a California landscape Mr. Wendt symbolizes the very witchery of nature in the mottled trunks of slender eucalyptus trees, the surface of a slumbering pool and the lovely silhouette of distant trees against a piling mass of drifting cloud, all those things which our race has associated with the beauty of landscape are brought together in one picture and the artist is representing not a realistic scene, but his own vision of what nature there represents; and decorative elements, no matter how derided, are the vital things with which he works.

So, too, decoration is united with pictorial design in the simplest picture of the pied slopes of southern California's rocky hills. Even when he paints a study straight from nature, Mr. Wendt's strong indi-

viduality will weave the patches of gray granite cropping from the hillside and the russet rows of sunburnt grass, the bronze and olive chapparel and the wine-stemmed manzanita into a pattern for which one must find the key before he enters its delightful maze.

But more often in the valley or arroyo seco near his home, he studies the native sycamores and interlaces their bright autumn foliage to make a golden arabesque against the blue of distant mountains or the dark gray-olive of the oaks, until tree after tree with dappled trunk in ivory and green, limb after limb bent low or pointing upward to the sky or twisted cunningly, leaf, twig and branch and root, gnarled round the rocks of the arroyo, have become a living language speaking not only for the artist but for the ideal beauty of the place. Here is recorded not the forms of Nature in some single scene, not some individual oak or mountain known to fame; but through the screen of sycamores so dextrously designed to bring out all their beauty, in the play of curve and color, in the sunshine and the shade there is expressed once and for all the joy of living in "The Land of Heart's Desire"—a joy none can know who have not tried it.

TO A PAINTER

By ETHEL D. TURNER

Painter, where lies that land of fairy light
Where kings gaze seaward through a golden mist,
And waters lie like liquid amethyst;
Where royal stairways rise in daring flight
Toward lonely thrones of bronze and malachite;
Where slender maids await an elfin tryst;
Where, hid by sun-stained leaves, a melodist
Seems ever piping, luring on the Night?

Once in a dream I found the Secret Way:
I stumbled through a little silver gate,
And lo! a City—blue and rose and dun.
I saw dim gardens where sad women pray,
And ancient temples none may desecrate,
With jasper domes transfigured by the sun!